

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

SEASON'S



GREETINGS

R.C.

DECEMBER — 1955

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

The Student Publication of North Andover High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. XXXII

DECEMBER ISSUE

NO. 1

EDITORIAL



WELCOME, FRESHMEN!

What would we do without freshmen? Who would we have to “tolerate” and look up to us?

Welcome, freshmen, we’re glad you’re here! You make up a large and important part of our school.

However, as freshmen you must accept certain responsibilities as well as privileges. You should familiarize yourself with all the school rules. You should not only put your best efforts into your academic work but also take an active part in the extra-curricular activities and projects of the whole school as well as those of your own class. And don’t forget to enjoy yourselves throughout your high school career!

I am sure your editor expresses the sentiments of the whole school as well as those of the “High-Lites” staff in bidding you all a hearty welcome.

Frances Broderick, '56

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

How many times have you recited the Pledge to the flag? Most of us could say it in our sleep. We arise, give a cold stare toward a red, white, and blue creation, murmur a few inaudible phrases, and concentrate on a tough civics test coming up. Sure, the test is important, but so is your country. That’s what civics is for, isn’t it? To learn about our land.

Repeat the pledge to yourself now. Most couldn’t tell, without thinking a while, just what it means. Why don’t you think a minute with me now.

To me it says I shall be loyal to my Country and my fellow countrymen. I shall judge a person for himself and not ask what his grandfather ate for breakfast.

There is a saying “United we stand, divided we fall.” Of course we are divided into many various religions, ancestries, and political associations in America, but we all work together to make one big, healthy, friendly nation. Once a president is elected he represents each one of us. We don’t or shouldn’t worry about his racial, religious, or political background.

A good example of American democracy is freedom of speech. A man can holler his head off on one street while just down the block another is shouting the opposite theory to his.

America is a great country with many peoples and many freedoms. We should respect her Constitution and uphold her high ideals to keep her free.

Now, repeat the Pledge and think and mean what you are saying. Dwell especially on those wonderful words that mean so much to every one of us, "liberty and justice———for ALL." Alice Miller, '57

TELEVISION TAKES OVER

The art of conversation has very definitely declined. In the present day Ferdinand calls on Gwendolyn and, after the usual greeting of "Hi," the energetic twosome adjourns to the television room where they remain completely engrossed for hours on end, perfectly content with being two uninteresting, speechless characters. Not a word passes between them unless it's an abrupt "Change the channel," or a few words such as "Pass the peanuts" between commercials. Then, of course, the young lady's father enters the sanctuary to view his boxing bouts, and the two gentlemen exchange hurried opinions of who the victor will be, and silence is resumed once more.

When this choice bit of entertainment has terminated, Ferdinand observes a purposely unstifled yawn being emitted by his lady friend's "pere" and has the ordinary common sense to acknowledge this gentle hint. A hasty "good-bye" is tossed in the direction of the sleepy parent, and little Gwendolyn sees her overly-intelligent admirer to the door. Ferdinand pauses a moment at the door to inform her that he'll see her tomorrow, to which she responds with an expressive nod of the head. "Good-byes" are exchanged, the door closes, and so ends the evening.

This is a fine example of a decided decline in the ability and desire for conversing. People have become so entirely dependent on a mere television set that they are altogether unaware of their surroundings. Should this appliance be denied them for even one evening, they would be completely at a loss as to how to amuse themselves. There must be a remedy for this unfortunate disease, televitis, and I hope it will be found soon.

Martha Roberts, '56



LITERARY

HUNGER CRY

The snow lay crisp and white on the crest of the hill. Far to the east the sun was rising. All was still. Suddenly a loud piercing wail broke the stillness of the valley below. It was the hunger cry of the wolves.

A lathered buck sprang out of a thicket. Close at his heels a pack of gaunt wolves leaped and snarled. The buck's tired legs strove to out-distance his lean pursuers, but the wolves were at his side, slashing, seeking to pull him down.

The largest of the pack sprang to his throat, sought his jugular vein, and found success. The buck crashed to the ground, sinking into the soft, powdery snow; the wolves climbed over his fallen body. With a final thrashing of his legs, he lay still.

The dawning day was again quiet. Only the tracks showed that there had been any disturbance in the snow. The sun was up and a new day had begun.

Margaret Forgetta, '58

A HOME FOR ELIZABETH

The icy wind bitterly slashed against Elizabeth Brandish as she walked sullenly down the main street of Reardon City, Illinois.

"One horse town, that's all it is," she muttered under her breath.

She was referring to this newly adopted town of hers. Reardon City was by no means up-and-coming in the eyes of a sophisticated young lady, born and bred in the high society of Chicago. It merely was a good, average American town.

"Average American," she continued to mutter, making sure, on the other hand, that her complaints were inaudible to passers-by. "This place is about as average American as I'm the daughter of a miner. How the girls would scoff and giggle and titter if they could see me now! *Me*, Miss Elizabeth Foster Brandish, daughter of James Caulfield Brandish, professor of philosophy at Northwestern University. *Me*, top honor student at Miss DuMont's School for Girls, voted Girl Most Likely to Succeed. I'm succeeding all right, in this dinky old town. Oh, why did we have to move, anyway?"

This was at least the twenty-third time she'd asked herself that question, she realized. Her father had tried to explain that he was getting sick and tired of the mad, bustling life he led, heading many civic groups besides doing his regular job as professor. But she didn't believe she'd ever understand. Sure, she knew the girls at Chicago had been just a bunch of hypocrites and had paid attention to her because of her financial and social standing. But at least she had fit in. No one here knew how popular she was in Chicago and about all the "coming-out" parties she had attended. They only knew that she was a new girl and she would be treated accordingly. They were nice the first day, but she knew that as soon as the newness wore off they wouldn't pay attention to her. They wouldn't talk to her or even notice her. She'd be a nobody in every sense of the word. O-o-oh, she almost wished she were dead.

Suddenly, a familiar voice pierced her ears. "Lizzy, Lizzy Brandish. Wait!" Elizabeth whirled around to see a girl of her own age approach her, panting. "My, aren't you wrapped up in your thoughts," she exclaimed. "Well," she continued, "I came to ask whether you're goin' to the shindig tonight over at Joe's Soda Parlor. All the gang goes. You'll go, won't cha? Huh?"

Like a magic touch, the icy wind was transformed to a soft, gentle breeze, the sun shone through the dim, gray clouds, and Lizzy Brandish knew she belonged.

"Of course I'll go," she answered, and to herself she whispered, "After all, aren't I one of the gang?"

Louise Mooradkanian, '57

THE SECRET WEAPON

One fall afternoon, the beauty of the season enticed me to go strolling out-doors near where we lived. Equipped with father's field-glasses, I casually sauntered down the country road in the direction of our neighbor's barn.

While I was still quite some distance away from the barn, my attention was drawn to the vicinity of the bull pen where there seemed to be some sort of commotion. Focusing my glasses, I saw instantly that the bull was in a frenzied state. Upon closer scrutiny, I espied a skunk squared off in the pen with this mad animal.

The polecat obviously was in full command of the situation. The little skunk would take a few steps and stop, all the while eyeing the bull with a "catch-me-if-you-can or dare-to" look. Naturally this triggered the animal onward and, with a turf-ripping, snorting approach, he would spend his fury by way of a vicious hook at nearby weeds.

Coolly, the skunk would take a few more steps, always in the direction of a protective stone wall which also served as a fence for the pen; then he would hoist his tail and stare at the bull.

Well, you know how bull-headed only a bull can be. This one got a little too brave and decided to finish this most persistent creature. Almost instantly, down went the skunk's head and up came its tail, stiffly erect.

Sprayed by the strongly acrid liquid which is the well-known trademark of this animal, the bull rushed off in agony, temporarily blinded by the biting sting in his eyes. The polecat, on the other hand, calmly walked away, another peril overcome by his secret weapon. Skunks won't run from peril, partly because they believe to the last in the power of their terrible scent. Mother Nature has certainly taken good care of her wild animals in regards to self-protection. Kathleen Verda, '57

MY AUNT HATTY

My Aunt Hatty, she ain't much ta look at, but boy she sure can cook! That's how she happened to hook Tom O'Grady, the cop on our beat.

First of all it was ma's idea to get Aunt Hatty hitched. She was always pokin' 'er nose in everybody's business. Anyway, that's what me pa says.

O'Grady was pushin' the beat one day near our window on Fleet Street on the East Side of New York, when he happens ta smell one of Hatty's beef stews cookin'. Ma, whose eyes are as sharp as an eagle's, happens to spot him and asks him to come up and sample a bit of her wonderful, single, unspoken-for sister Hatty's stew.

O'Grady, bein' a stew-lovin' man, accepts gratefully, not knowin' that a trap was bein' set for him. So up the stairs he comes. Aunt Hatty, who has been fixin' herself up for the big kill, greets him at the door. I tried to warn 'im, even though he chased us kids half a mile for hangin' his police dog in Mrs. Murphy's girdle that was on the line dryin'. I tried to hang around and help the poor sucker, but ma grabbed me by the pants and pulled me out of the kitchen.

After the first two spoonfuls, O'Grady fell for the trap, hook, line, and sinker. So finally when Aunt Hatty cut him a nice thick slice of her banana cream cake, he up and popped the question. Aunt Hatty ac-

cepted so joyously that me old man, who was havin' a nip in the back room, thought that ma had caught him and started to sweat till I told 'im poor O'Grady got taken.

Ma was so worried that he'd get away, that she asked Father Callahan to announce the banns the next day, which was Sunday. Me and Tim O'Hanlon, who was alter boys for Father Callahan, could see everyone lookin' at the new couple as they listed to the banns bein' announced.

The next Saturday they was married or, as I calls it, took the death march. Much to me disadvantage, ma soon changed me opinion about that.

Aunt Hatty, a beaming bride of forty, looked okay in a white satin gown that she and ma picked out down at the Salvation Army Rummage Sale on Forty-ninth Street. It was a pretty good bargain too. Only two ninety-eight, plus two cents for a box and string.

Just before the weddin' ma kept remindin' O'Grady that Father Callahan couldn't be kept waiting. There was no way outa it now; O'Grady would just havta face the music.

Ah, poor O'Grady!

Now how do ya like that? Father Callahan is startin' the weddin' early. What's he afraid of, that someone 'll get away?

Well, if you'll excuse me, I'd better get goin'. Maureen O'Connor, the girl I'm marryin' today, is coming down the aisle. Reminisce over Aunt Hatty and O'Grady's wedding has made me feel better about mine.

Barbara Subatch, '59

THE RIVER

The river, like time, goes on forever. Curving, winding, seeping and crawling through rock beds, twisting and writhing itself into rapids, or lying quietly in pools, and swirling in gentle eddies, it branches off to become innumerable streams and brooks, and flows on.

In its quiet pools, children play. Carefree and laughing, splashing and sputtering, they take their watery dunkings with a grin.

It's home to the many fish, turtles, snakes, and other part time inhabitants such as the otter, the beaver, and the muskrat. Here too, come the thirsty denizens of the forests when day is done. The graceful deer, the ponderous bear, the tawny cougar, and of course the birds, all seek its cool retreat.

Yet ever onward it flows. It tumbles down steep cliffs, only to fall into delicate curtains of spray. Dropping still farther, it ends at last in rippling miniature whirlpools and foamy, frothy waves, while at its edges, it lies in silent repose under the banks.

Sometimes the river rises, smiting the banks which seem to hold it prisoner. It tears the fertile earth from its moorings, carrying it away, depositing it many miles distant. This is just one of the river's many ways.

Yes, the river is good. It is also a thing of beauty. To some it symbolizes strength, hope, the courage to go on. But to others, those who have known and seen its wrath, the river is a monster. Those people see it wreaking destruction, taking human lives; they see bursting dams, uprooted trees, bridges, and houses carried on its swell. They see fertile land with abundant crops washed away, destroyed. But when the sun sets on the land, the river is flowing, still flowing on to the sea.

Helen Phillips, '59

LEARNING TO DRIVE

On the way home from school one day, mother suggested that I learn to drive.

The next morning I crawled into the car beside her. "Just turn this jigger over," she began, "push on this doohicky, step on this wingdoodle, and you're all set to go."

A moment later, the car went hiccupping down the road. Then, for about a mile, it went very smoothly. A feeling of confidence came over me, the same feeling that all new drivers get just before the lights go out. I pressed down on the gas.

"The pistons seem to be knocking," I said professionally.

"Pistons nothing," said mother, "those are my knees."

Everything went fine until we came to the traffic lights. I forgot to press the doohickey on the wingdoodle, and the car stalled. The lights changed from green to red, and then from red back to green. A policeman came over to us.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Haven't we any colors that suit you?"

After switching the radio on and off, I suddenly pressed the right thing. I grazed the policeman, skidded through the safety zone, clipped the fender on a bus, and came to a rest with my bumper against a fire plug.

Mother gave the policeman a big smile. "She's learning to drive," she said.

"No kidding," said the policeman, "and if I were you I'd have the car painted red on one side and blue on the other, so the witnesses would contradict one another."

There are two stone posts on the road which leads to my house. I got past them without a scratch, also without my rear bumper. That did it.

Since then I've never been behind a wheel, and I don't intend to be. When we go driving, I sit in the back seat. The only concession I make to the Automobile Age is to learn how to fold a road map.

Carole Parker, '58

A TEAM

One day five brothers, who could not stand being separated, were talking together. "I'm fine," said the tiniest brother.

His brother laughed and said, "I'm better because I carry the ring."

"No," replied the tallest brother, "You are both wrong. I am tall, which makes me better."

"I point at places and things," said the pointer, "so you must admit I am finer than all of you."

A loud chuckle was then heard and Mr. Thumb, who had been listening all this time, asked his brothers if they wanted to prove who was best. They all readily agreed and Mr. Thumb told them of his plan. Each in turn was supposed to pick up a large rubber ball. Tiny brother and the brother with the ring both tried and failed, as the tall brother and pointer looked on and laughed, but when it came their turn they also were defeated.

The four brothers turned to Mr. Thumb, who was grinning from ear to ear, and said, "If you can pick up this ball we will admit that you are the best."

Mr. Thumb nodded and said, "Oh, I can't pick up the ball by myself either, but if we work as a team it will be easy."

All the brothers agreed to cooperate and then picking up the ball became an easy task.

The five brothers, as you can guess, were a hand, working together for the good of all. They show us a lesson that many people could profit by.

Judy Tetler, '57

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANDAN INDIAN

No matter where you travel on this continent, even in the wilderness, you will find traces of the people who lived here long ago, the ancient Indians.

On ceremonial days, medicine men opened their medicine bags and scientists looked eagerly to see what they contained. They saw shells that could only have come from the Gulf of Mexico, and dried birds that could only have existed in Central America. They heard the old, old story of the tribe's beginning.

Once all Indians lived in the bowels of the earth. The Mandan Indians were great farmers. One day one of them grew a great beanstalk which became so tall that it reached up through the earth's crust. The Indians could look up and see the dazzling sun. Later they saw the moon and stars sail by.

A council was called and a young brave was sent up to explore the earth's surface. The young brave started on what seemed to be an endless climb until, finally, he stepped onto ground.

Once he set foot on earth he never wanted to return to his underground home. He saw buffalo herds roaming the plains. He saw rivers rushing by and birds soaring into the blue sky. But soon he decided he'd better go back and tell his chief about this new and wonderful land.

When the tribe heard the story, the other Indians wanted to see these wonders. Strong braves went first. Then some of the women and children. Finally, one fat old squaw started up the beanstalk, but it broke under her huge bulk, and the hole closed up leaving some of the Mandan Indians under the earth's surface.

Now, when you hear the earth rumble and shake, it is because the Mandan farmers are trying to grow another great beanstalk tall enough to let them climb into the sunlight and onto the earth.

Nancy Whittaker, '57

A DREAM ?

Last night, about ten o'clock, I finally fell asleep. I had a very strange dream. I dreamt that I was a Navy commander on a mission to track down a fleet of submarines that were raiding many of our Navy bases along the coast.

We sailed many knots until we kicked up disturbances under the surface of the water. It was the fleet of submarines! We did not fire at them, for if we did we couldn't find out who the boss was. We alerted the bases on the shore, but it was too late. The fleet had already been firing torpedoes, burning buildings and equipment.

We tried to follow them, but they disappeared under the surface of the water. Because we had damaged a couple of their submarines, we knew that they would have to go to their base and repair them, but

after checking with all of our bases, we found they did not show up. Then we knew they had a base under ground, reached by an underground cave.

The next day, at dawn, we sent down two divers to find and explore the cave. This they did, and reported back to us that they were repairing the damaged submarines.

We ordered the area above the cave to be evacuated for bombing. This was a trick to scare the boss and the men into fleeing from the area with the submarines. We had the space surrounded on land and water. We waited for two and a half hours until the men on land reported that they caught a man fleeing from this section with the amount of money that had been stolen from our bases. Also he had plans for atomic weapons which were stolen a long while back.

We got the man to tell us when he was going to order his men to pull more raids. This we forced him to do, and waited at the base the men were going to attack us at.

Then a loud blast went off. This was it. Before long the whole waterfront was an inferno. Guns were blazing. I picked up a rifle and fired with some of my men, forgetting about the boss of the raiders.

The man picked up a dagger, slowly approached me, when suddenly I turned about and and then I woke up.

There is only one thing that makes me wonder about this dream. How did I get the commander's cap which I was wearing when I woke up?

Michael Greenler, '58

THE EXTRAORDINARY FUTURE

It is the year 2054 and I am lying in my grave. I have been here for several years now.

It is surprising, the changes that have taken place even since I was buried. I talk to myself during the day and often watch the space ships go by. Even if they are kind of old-fashioned now, they are fascinating to watch. I like to lie here and watch people being buried, thinking how different it is from when I was buried. There have been an awful lot of men from Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn buried here lately. I like to talk to them and find out if anything new is going on that I can't see.

You know what the newest thing is? They use flying saucers to dig graves now. There was one dug next to me the other day. For a minute I thought it was going to dig me up but it hit its mark. Thank goodness!

I'm quite happy here. People used to think flying saucers were saucers, thrown at men by their wives, that were still flying. How silly can people get?

A lot has happened to this world. They're even burying men in their space suits now. People don't eat what I used to call food any more. It's all pills, and they take a mouthful of air as a drink. All of our planets are within ten miles of each other and there have been several collisions. I'm beginning to think we'll be losing part of this planet soon.

People, if they can still be called that, are walking on water and flying in air. All they have to do to get somewhere is push a button marked with the place they want to go to, and they find themselves there. No other means of transportation, (if they still call it that), is used.

I'm wondering what it will be like in another hundred years. I also wonder if I'll still be here or if the space ship will have dug me up, thinking I've been here long enough.

Susan Lodge, '57

RESEARCH TO REALITY

Ten, nine, eight. The seconds are slowly ticking away. Newspaper reporters and important men from all over the world have come to America to witness this experiment which can change our entire lives. After many years of preparation everything is in readiness and, if all goes well, soon this mammoth space ship carrying three men and two women volunteers will fire its huge rockets which will carry it through the billions of empty miles in space and land it on the planet which in the past had been a god to the Roman people, the Moon.

Three, two, one, zero. There's a blinding flash of light, then the tremendous impact of two-hundred-thousand pounds on the Earth's surface sends this fifteen ton monstrosity shooting, like a comet, towards its destination, and puts the five volunteers who are strapped in a supposedly shock proof cabin into a state of unconsciousness.

An undetermined period of time passes, Corporal McKinnor, who is one of the volunteers, regains consciousness and staggers toward the other members of the crew and revives them one by one. They immediately respond to his treatment and take over the controls of which the automatic pilot, up to now, has had charge.

"Good grief," exclaims the corporal who is looking through a telescopic screen. He does not realize how long he has been unconscious for the ship is closing in fast. The Moon seems to be rushing to meet them at over a thousand miles a second. The rockets must be cut. He tugs at the lever which, to the great relief of the crew, ceases its roaring and slows down the airship. Now the ship is cruising a few miles above the Moon's surface which has not yet cooled. Mountains are erupting everywhere. There are great earthquakes and parts of the Moon itself are ablaze.

Under the guidance of the corporal the ship turns tail and heads for home, to report to government officials waiting there and to prove to people that space travel is not only possible but is now a reality.

James Valliere, '58

DEADMAN'S CURVE

As a switch was thrown, a Columbia 2-42 locomotive's throttle was pulled back. While the steam escaped from the pistons, the four driver wheels started to turn.

As the locomotive pulled its line of Pullman coaches onto the main line, the throttle was slowly opened and the train began to gain momentum as it highballed down the track. Passing from the bustle of the city life into the rural area, it slowly gained speed until it fairly flew. Smoke belched from its smokestack in a black column.

Suddenly the fireman shouted, "We'll never make Deadman's Curve at this speed."

Up ahead, a steeply banked curve loomed in the locomotive's path. Throttles were pulled back and buttons were pushed, but all in vain.

As the train banked into the curve, its wheels left the track and crashed into a grove of trees on the other side of the tracks. Its Pullman coaches were strewn across the tracks.

"I told you not to drive that fast," came a voice.

A hand picked up the train and put it on the track again. You see, it was only a model railroad!

Carl Schubert, '58



POET'S CORNER

EIGHT SQUARE FEET OF BEAUTY

From the window is seen the wide expanse of snow.
Across the yard Spring's melting rivulets go.
It's wonderful to know that the whiteness here
Is only a microscopic piece of our world's sphere.

In other parts there's new, there's old.
There's beauty warm and beauty cold.
So much to see upon our earth,
Never can one mortal see all its worth.

Alice Miller, '57

TRADITIONAL

Ah, from the kitchen wafts such marvelous smells;
The heart of the household with Thanksgiving swells.
And children "helping," eyes aglow,
To make the meal a handsome show.

There's gravy like hot flowing lava,
Jellies made by dexterous hands,
Turkey waiting for the carver,
Fruits and vegetables brought forth in bands.

They've boiled the garden and broiled the coop.
There are colored cabs at the door of the stoop.
Best linen, best ware, best faces are shown,
And all the best products that Nature has grown.

Now for the treat—"Gramps, here's the knife."
(That bird must have had a peculiar life.)
When the feast's all been eat and the dishes are done,
Then comes the stomach-ache to balance the fun.

Alice Miller, '57

FIRST SNOW

There's first a briskness in the air
And then you know
The fluffy flakes are on their way—
—New shining snow!

A tiny bird, late leaving
For southern climes,
Ponders donning woolies
Till warmer times,

Children are in raptures,
 "Fox and Geese" games thrive.
 From nowhere sprout up snowmen.
 It's great to be alive!

Now if you want my preference
 In times of year,
 Between spring's freshness, fall's color and
 Summer's cheer.

I'll choose for it's attractiveness
 And heartwarming ways
 The cold but exciting wintertime
 Always!

Alice Miller, '57

NORTH ANDOVER vs. METHUEN

The score was even, with one minute to play.
 North Andover had the ball and was on its way.
 Heinze passed the ball to Snell on the fifty.
 No one could say that that play wasn't nifty.
 Snell started running with but one thing in mind,
 To make a touchdown and put Methuen behind.
 As it was, Snell didn't get too much knocking;
 He pushed and wormed,
 And dodged and squirmed,
 Till there was but one to stop him,
 But even he could not succeed in staying long atop him.
 He crossed the thirty, the twenty, the ten,
 And everyone knew by then
 That Methuen had lost and North Andover had won.
 This day was to be remembered by everyone.

Paula Coates, '58



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

PANEL DISCUSSION

On October 23, a panel discussion was presented at the Kittredge School on the subject "The United Nations Today."

Those taking part were Josephine Caimi, Meline Kasparian, Bernice

Florin, Robert Ela, and Elliot Palmer. The program was presented under the direction of Mr. William Larochelle.

A lively question and answer period followed the discussion, with members of the audience participating. J. McD.

* * * * *

CHEERLEADERS' DANCE

Saturday, October 8, 1955, the cheerleaders conducted a dance at Saint Michael's hall. The dance helped pay for a new cheerleader's uniform for the substitute cheerleader chosen previously. The hop was from eight to eleven, with music selected from the latest records. P. H.

* * * * *

BANK DAY

Those of us who have been in attendance at North Andover High previous to this year know that every Tuesday there is a bank day at school.

There have been regular depositors, but there are a large majority who take for granted the conveniences of the system.

If we stopped to think of the benefits of saving, there would be many more participating in this program. J. A. B.

* * * * *

CHEERING EXHIBITION

On Saturday, November 5th, our cheerleaders participated in a cheering exhibition held at Tenney High Auditorium, giving a performance that ranked high among the schools represented.

A number of schools took part in the program, which was held during the intermission of a dance sponsored by the cheerleaders of Methuen.

Also on the program were three Lowell majorettes, who were highly applauded for their skillful baton tricks. One of them was given the honor of being chosen "Starlight Queen" at the annual All-Star game held at Lowell. J. A. B.



RECORD

SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS RECEIVE PRIZES

Editor Frances Broderick and News Editors Joan McDuffie and Martha Roberts of the *High-Lites* Staff represented our school at the annual New England Scholastic Press Association Conference, spon-

sored by Boston University's School of Journalism, in Boston on November 4th and 5th.

Our editors attended several seminars conducted by outstanding journalists as well as the awards luncheon in the Hotel Lenox on November 5th, at which time awards were made to outstanding year books and magazines from New England preparatory and public high schools.

Our last year's issue of the North Andover *High-Lites*, of which Robert Kellan was editor-in-chief, received honorable mention. This is the second consecutive year in which the *High-Lites* has received recognition at this conference, having been awarded a certificate for general excellence in editorial and make-up in 1954. Our 1955 yearbook, whose co-editors were Dorothy Weingart and Elsie Thomas of last year's graduating class, received top rating of "excellent" over several hundred other entries.

Congratulations to both the yearbook and the *High-Lites* staffs! F.B.

ASSEMBLIES

On September 30th we had an interesting assembly at which James Titus, a spiritual singer and story-teller, entertained our school with several stirring selections, many in the Negro dialect of the South.

On November 7 we had as our speaker Miss Norma E. Brandel, who has traveled over most of Europe with student groups. She told of her many adventures in a most entertaining and amusing manner. N.E.W.

STUDENT COUNCIL

At the opening of the 1955-56 Student Council, officers were elected. Congratulations go to Dennis Currier, president; Normie Heinze, vice-president; and Janet Bamford, secretary-treasurer. Also at this meeting a committee, made up of members from each class, was appointed to draw up the social calendar.

At the next assembly of the Council it was decided that N. A. H. S. should have a nickname. A contest was run in which the best entries were selected and voted upon by the student body. The winning name was Scarlet Knights, submitted by Ted Snell. Pins bearing this name were sold to promote school spirit. It turned out to be a very successful venture.

The following is the social calender drawn up by the social calendar committee of the Student Council:

October 28	Football Dance
November 10	High-Lites Dance
December 9	Student Council Dance
January 13	Gobbler Dance
February 10	Honor Society Dance
March 9	Girls' Basketball Dance
March 15 and 16	Annual School Play
April 6	Prom Benefit Dance
June 8	Junior-Senior Prom

J. T.

GUIDANCE REPORT

On September 24, the University of Massachusetts held its annual "open house." Meline Kasparian, Betty Hearty, Bernice Florin, Alice Miller, Elliot Palmer, and Ben Farnum were among the North Andover students who enjoyed the opportunity of visiting the college.

On the same day, Josephine Caimi and Karin Roebuck attended an "open house" at Wellesley College.

October 13, Mr. Benjamin McKendall spoke to a large number of students interested in attending Brown University. In his talk he stressed the importance of good high school marks to all students interested in furthering their education, and gave a description of the Brown Campus.

A tea was given by the Smith College Club of Andover on October 20. The students who attended from our school included Josephine Caimi, Meline Kasparian, Martha Roberts, Alice Miller, and Louise Mooradkanian. Colored movies of the college were shown.

Monday, October 31, Professor Butler of Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, spoke to students who were interested in the field of chemistry. Also Captain Harris, of the United States Marine Corps Reserve of Lawrence, spoke to our boys.

November 3, Burbank Hospital held its annual "open house." The students who attended were the following: Claire Towler, Rhoda Broderick, Nancy Wainwright, and Joan Verda. J. T. V.

HONOR SOCIETY

The Honor Society held its first meeting on October 11 and elected officers for the following year. They are as follows: President, Bernice Florin; vice-president, Nancy Pendlebury; secretary-treasurer, Joan McDuffie. The counselors are Beverly Nichol and Benjamin Farnum.

There was a formal induction of new members on October 20. The new members are Kathleen Verda, Charles Hutchins, Barry Crane, Nancy Wainwright, Norman Heinze, Martha Roberts, Gilda Nardi, Frances Broderick, Carol Weigel, Edith Stott, Virginia Foster, and Josephine Caimi.

On the Monday following the induction Bernice Florin, Nancy Pendlebury, Louise Mooradkanian, and Alice Miller went to a lecture at the North Andover Women's Club to which our society members were invited. Dr. Peter Bertocci of Boston University spoke on the subject "Philosophy in Education." N. P.

FOOTBALL DANCE

The first dance of the season at N. A. H. S. was held Friday evening, October 28, 1955, in the school gymnasium. The dance, sponsored by the Football Squad and the Cheerleaders, was very successful and a profit of eighty dollars was realized.

We extend our thanks to the following teachers who chaperoned: Miss Gillen, Miss Sheridan, Miss Torpey, Mr. Powers, Mr. Steele, and Mr. Crozier. The disc jockey for the occasion was Steve Hughes of Andover.
J. D.

HIGH-LITES DANCE

The *High-Lites* staff sponsored the second dance of the season Thursday evening, November 10, 1955. The dance, held in the school gymnasium, netted a profit of \$104. We wish to thank Miss Donlan, Miss Neal, Miss Mooradkanian, Mr. Powers, and Mr. Lynch for acting as chaperones, and we were glad to welcome back disc jockey Steve Hughes, with all his latest platters.
J. D.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Congratulations to the new freshmen class officers and home room representatives.

Our president is Charles Salisbury, who is a graduate of the Thomson School. He enjoys reading and sports, and is a member of the Boy Scouts.

Charlotte Bullock is our vice-president. She is a graduate of the Kirtledge School. Charlotte likes hiking, camping, swimming, and sailing. Her favorite sport is basketball.

Terry Johnson is our secretary-treasurer. She is a graduate of the Bradstreet School. Her hobbies are swimming, dancing, and camping. Among other things, she enjoys basketball, ice skating and badminton. She belongs to the Mariners and the Y. W. C. A.

Our home room representatives are Clark Lewis, Room 6; Janet Duncan, Room 11; Jacqueline Bamford, Room 14; Margaret Virr, Room 26; and Richard Saunders, Room 33.
C. C.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

On September 26th we held elections to determine our class officers for the coming year. They are John Minihan, president; Andy Zigelis, vice-president; and Janet Drummey, secretary-treasurer.

All three students are active in many school activities including basketball, football, and the cheering squad.

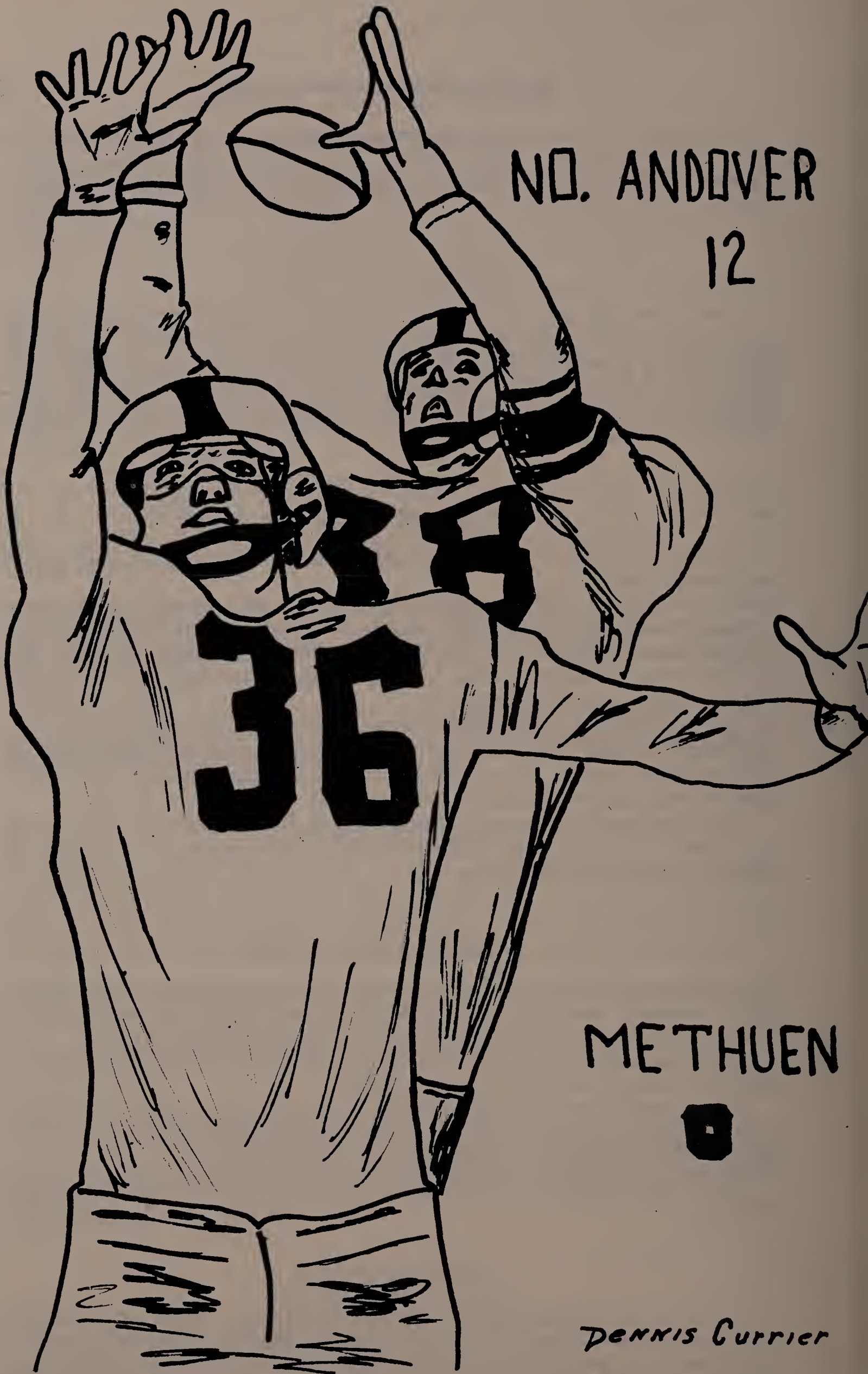
The same day we also chose home room representatives. The results were as follows: James Valliere, Room 4; Ann Marie Barrett, Room 34; Joseph Flynn, Room 37; and Richard Lange, Room 41.

Good luck to all of you! We know you'll do an outstanding job this year.
M. P.

JUNIOR CLASS

This year, as upperclassmen, we re-elected Bob Harris as president; Judy Tetler as vice-president; and Susan Lodge as secretary-treasurer.

Elected to the positions of home room representatives were Donna Mulchahey, Room 32; Judy Knightly, Room 38; Adele Bullock, Room 39; and Clare Towler, Room 40.



NO. ANDOVER

12

METHUEN



DENNIS CURRIER

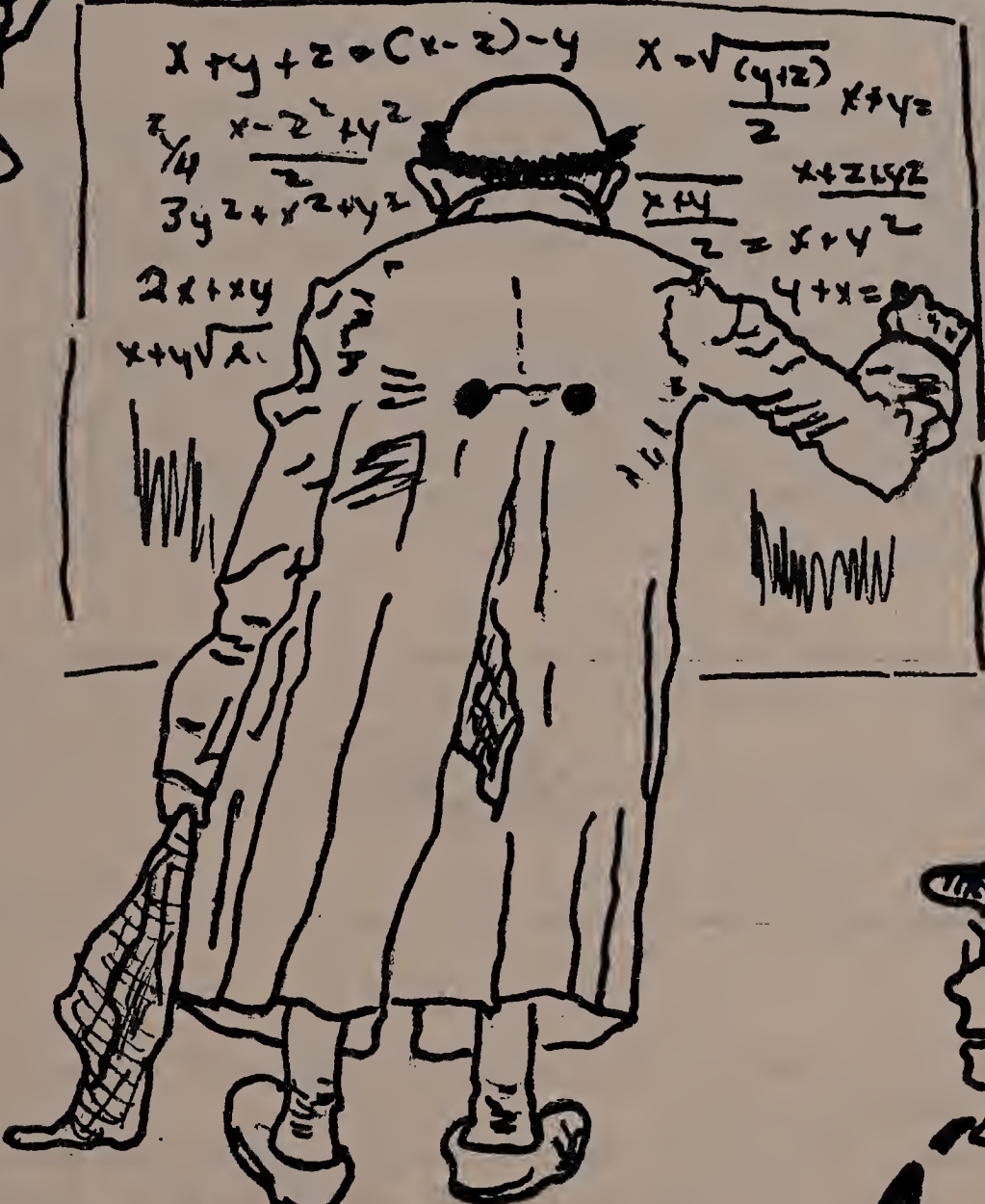
Freshmen



Growing Pains



JUNIORS



SENIORS

Sophomores



Good luck, officers and representatives! We're all behind you and know that you will do a fine job.

We'd like to welcome all the new members that have been added to our Junior class as a result of the entrance of new industries into North Andover. We hope you'll be as happy here as we are to have you.

Two class meetings were held at which time the Juniors selected their class rings. At the first meeting the style of the ring was chosen by a majority vote, and at the second meeting the students selected their individual ring colors.

We are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of our rings, which will be sometime during the month of February. C. A. T.

SENIOR CLASS

The newly-elected class officers for 1955-1956 are the following: President, Dennis Currier; vice-president, Edward Snell; and secretary-treasurer, Charles Hutchins. Dennis Currier and Edward Snell have served as class officers previously. Charles Hutchins was elected an officer for the first time.

The following were chosen as home room representatives: Room 18, Edith Stott; Room 19, Norman Heinze; and Room 20, Janet Bamford.

At a senior class meeting on November 3rd, it was decided to hold a bakery sale on November 19th. Co-chairmen of the committee were Marguerite McGuire and Virginia Foster. Assisting them were Dennis Currier, Edward Snell, and Charles Hutchins. The sale proved very successful. C. W.



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

Our cheering squad this year has sponsored many rallies in connection with the football games.

Cheerleaders Pat Hogan, Eileen DeBurro, Sheila Hardiman, Frances Broderick, Paula Weymouth, Norma Roberts, Janet Drummey, and Judy Knightly, led by Martha Roberts and Gilda Nardi, have done a fine job of leading the cheering section. Their mascot, Nancy Korb, is a cute addition to the squad.

In the early fall, we learned that Diana Pollard would be unable to cheer and tryouts for a replacement were held. Eileen DeBurro was elected in her place. Maureen O'Keefe was chosen as a substitute at the same time.

* * * * *

On October 31, the Girls' Basketball Junior Varsity started its practice. In all, there were about 40 freshmen and sophomores who turned out.

Varsity practice was held on Thursday of the same week, and several juniors and seniors reported.

We have two new managers, Betty Hearty and Pat Hogan.

With practice and cooperation on the part of all, we should have two victorious teams this year.

J. K. and T. C.

BOYS' SPORTS

North Andover 12 -- Methuen 0

Underdog North Andover toppled Methuen for the first time in eight years at Highfield Stadium, Methuen, on Columbus Day. The game was scoreless for the first half as both teams were content to feel each other out.

The first touchdown came in the third quarter after a Methuen fumble was recovered by Ted Snell on the Methuen ten yard line. On the next play from scrimmage, Luke May swept wide around end for the score. The extra point was missed and the score stood at 6-0.

The final score occurred late in the third period after Captain Chuck Hutchins intercepted a Methuen forward pass on the latter's 45 yard line. Following the third play from scrimmage, Norman Heinze fired a long pass to Dennis Currier who raced into the end zone for the score. Even though the extra point again fizzled out, our team, fired by its will to win, held off all further attempts by Methuen to capture the lead.

Our victory, however, was marred by the loss of George Haigh who was injured early in the game and taken to the hospital for treatment of a fractured upper arm.

North Andover 38 -- Wilmington 6

North Andover walloped a weak Wilmington eleven, scoring in every period for its third consecutive win.

Following the opening kickoff, North Andover marched 55 yards to take a 6-0 lead when Norman Heinze raced around right end for 10 yards and a score. The losers then took to the air and again it was Heinze who intercepted a pass and raced over the goal line. Wilmington scored its lone touchdown late in the first period when Bob Hall crashed over from the 15 yard line.

In the second period Dennis Currier climaxed a 45 yard drive by plunging for a touchdown from the 4 yard line.

John Gallant, behind some good blocking, raced around his own left end and scored from eight yards out just as the third period opened. Captain Charles Hutchins then kicked the first of two extra points.

In the fourth period, quarterback Vic Battaglioli passed to end Joe Walsh for another score. Dennis Currier finished the scoring for the day when he hit the center of the line for ten yards, two plays after Ted McAloon had intercepted a Wilmington forward pass.

North Andover 13 -- Maynard 7

North Andover overpowered Maynard High at Grogan's Field in a tightly fought thriller.

It looked doubtful as Maynard took the lead (7-0) at the half. North Andover retaliated in the second half as our team rushed, passed, and plowed its way inch by inch until Denny Currier crashed into the end zone for N. A.'s first six.

Our second score came about when a Maynard back attempted to run on a fourth down and was annihilated by a mass of scarlet and gray linemen. This set up the winning T. D. Again Denny Currier crossed the goal for the winning tally, and Captain Hutchins booted the point after for a final score of 13-7 in favor of North Andover.

North Andover 27 -- Woodbury 12

North Andover's vastly improved football team, riding a three game winning streak, made it four when it subdued Woodbury High at the latter's home field.

The Scarlet Knights (the team's new nickname) started a drive from midfield early in the first period and scored on Dennis Currier's five yard plunge. Captain Chuck Hutchins kicked the point and North Andover led 7-0.

Again Dennis Currier climaxed a Knight drive by plunging over from five yards out. The point was missed and the score stood at 13-0.

Woodbury scored early in the third period when Ken Mackie intercepted a pitchout and went 45 yards over the goal. The Knights, however, bounced back with Norman Heinze who scored on an end run from 10 yards out. A pass from Heinze to Mike Cahill added the point.

In the final period Woodbury scored, with Bob Gagnon carrying the ball from six yards out, climaxing a long drive. But again North Andover bounced back. A pass from Vic Battaglioli to Joe Walsh put the ball on the Woodbury six inch line, from where Battaglioli lunged over for the touchdown. Captain Hutchins kicked the point and the final score was 27-12.

North Andover 7 -- Chelmsford 20

Chelmsford High upset the North Andoverites, who were riding on a four game winning streak till then.

Chelmsford had complete control of North Andover during the first half as it scored 13 points to grab the lead.

As the second half commenced North Andover received, and in a matter of minutes fought to the 35 yard line; from there Vic Battaglioli raced around his end for our only T. D. Capt. Hutchins booted the point.

Chelmsford scored again later that half and took the game 20-7.

Ipswich 12 -- North Andover 0

Ipswich defeated a powerful North Andover Club at Ipswich High Stadium in their annual duel for supremacy.

Ipswich took the lead at the first half (6-0) when it pulled a surprise pass which covered forty yards.

In the second half both teams were battling on an equal basis until North Andover fumbled and Ipswich recovered the ball in our end zone for its final score.

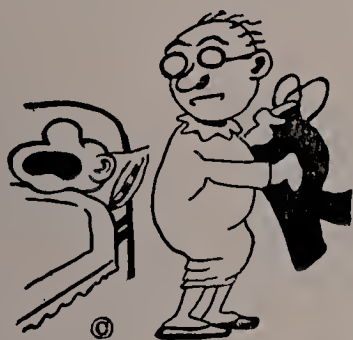
Both teams fared well but lady luck seemed to favor Ipswich.

Punchard 24 -- North Andover 0

North Andover's Scarlet Knights suffered a 24-0 defeat at the hands of a strong Punchard High eleven at the Andover Playstead on Thanksgiving Day.

Upset-minded North Andover came into the game with a 4-2 record compared with Punchard's 5-1. The Knights had a team spirit that was little short of fanatical. But they were up against a Punchard eleven with considerably superior speed and a knack for doing everything right. The result was inevitable.

For Punchard Bill Vickers scored two touchdowns, Bert Damon one, and Dick Smith one. V. B. and A. Z.



EXCHANGES

Lookout, Wakefield High School, Wakefield, Massachusetts.

Borrowed:

Welcome Travelers—New Kids
Appointment with Adventure—Driving Lessons
Industry on Parade—Shop Classes
This is the Life—School?

* * * * *

The Cub, Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Massachusetts. Thanks for the compliment. Your column "Diary News" is a novel idea. Borrowed:

Professor (irritated)—"If there are any morons in the room please stand up."

A long pause and a lone freshman rose.

Professor—"What? Do you consider yourself a moron?"

Freshman—"Well not exactly, sir, but I do hate to see you standing all alone by yourself."

* * * * *

Sagamore, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts. Borrowed:

To deflate seniors' egos. "A senior now but just remember, you'll be a freshman next September."

* * * * *

The Headlight, Marblehead High School, Marblehead, Massachusetts. Your column "Let's Get Acquainted" is a wonderful idea to acquaint both new and old students with each other. "Looking Ahead" is a fine idea also.

* * * * *

The Archon, Governor Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Massachusetts. Your pictures of the campus and of student activities add much to your magazine.

The Canary, Allentown High School, Allentown, Pennsylvania. Your article "Lunchtime Rush" describes a situation typical of almost any high school. It was very well written.

* * * * *

The Lawrencian, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Massachusetts. Pearl Souma's "A Woman's Look on Football" was an amusing account of the female view of that game.

Borrowed:

Customer—"Who attends to the nuts?"

Clerk—"I'll be with you in a minute."

* * * * *

We now have in the school library publications from other schools that we have received in exchange for our magazine. They are available to any student who wishes to read them. C. O. and C. P.



Study in mixed emotions: The man who saw his mother-in-law drive over a cliff in his new Cadillac convertible.

* * * * *

Question: Why do snow flakes dance?

Answer: They are preparing for the snow ball.

* * * * *

The Longest Walk: A call to the office.

Ain't That a Shame: Detention.

* * * * *

Definitions

Early Winter: Novemberrrrrrr.

Wolf: One who believes in life, liberty, and the happiness of pursuit.

Teenagers: People who get hungry again before the dishes are even washed.

* * * * *

Radio Announcer: "And now for the news that happened during the commercial."

* * * * *

One Mom to another: "I never realized the value of education till the kids went back to school."

* * * * *

We are indebted to current publications for our humor.

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